daughter, I would speake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you whoreson dog, you slaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be strucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canst not smile as the winde sits, thou't catch colde shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two of his daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when Lady oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Do.

Foole. Marke it Vnckle; haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then

thou goest, learne m
throwest, leaue thy d
and thou shalt haue m

Lear. This is noth

Foole. Then like th
nothing for it; can y

Lear. Why no boy

Foole. Prethee tell
he will not beleeue a

Lear. A bitter fool

Foole. Dost thou k
ter foole, and a sweet

Lear. No lad, teac

Foole. That Lord
Come place him hee
The sweete and bitte
The one in motley h

Lear. Dost thou ca

Foole. Al thy other
borne with.

Kent. This is not a

Foole. No faith, Lo
a monopolie out, the
will not let me haue
me an egge Nunckle

Lear. What two c

Foole. Why after I
the meate, the two cr
crowne in the middl
thy asse on thy back
crowne, when thou
my selfe in this, let hi
Fooles had nere less
For wise men are gro
They know not how
Their manners are so

Lear. When were

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